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September 27, 1916

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OCTOBER 4, 1916.

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although we know that in South-West Africa the
casually resorted to that agreeable device. The lower
shows two British soldiers as guides to men for the front
maze of trenches and communication-trenches their
valuable. The state of their boots and puttees indicates
period.—[Official Photographs, Crown Copyright Reserved.]

October 4, 1916

THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

[Part 17
New Series.]—III

The Illustrated London News

of SEPTEMBER 30 contains illustrations of—

EXAMINING WRECKAGE OF ONE OF THE TWO ZEPPELINS DISPOSED OF IN THE RAID OF SEPTEMBER 23-24.
OUR PROGRESSIVE "BAG" OF ZEPPELINS.
A ZEPPELIN'S OBSERVATION-CAR ON VIEW IN LONDON.
THE HOLY "CARPET" TAKEN TO MECCA UNDER BRITISH PROTECTION.
BRITISH INFANTRY ON THEIR WAY TO A BATTLE.
HAND-TO-HAND IN "THE DEVIL'S WOOD."

OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.
PECULIARITIES OF MODERN WARFARE.
GERMAN PRISONERS.
LIGHTS O' LONDON: SEARCHLIGHT PRACTICE.
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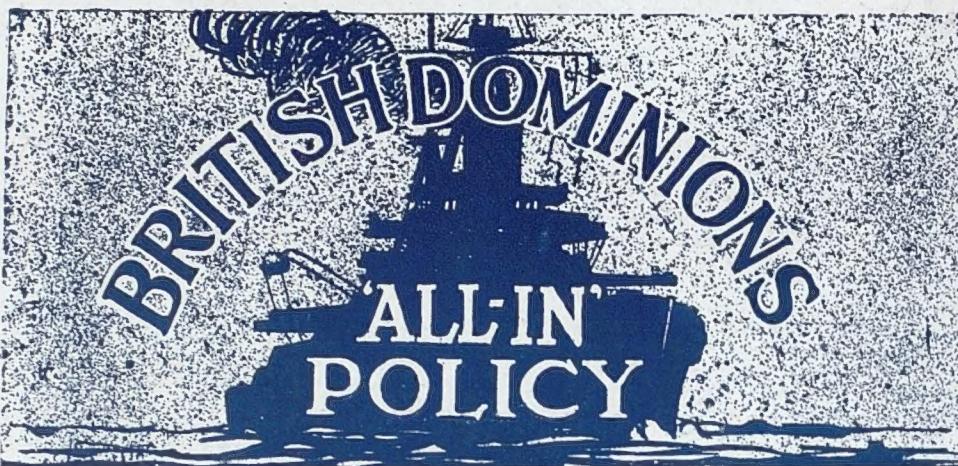
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The Illustrated War News



A RUSSIAN TRENCH IN FRANCE: A SCOUT SETTING OUT.

Photograph supplied by L.N.A.

THE GREAT WAR.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

COMBLES and Thiepval, in their own right, dominate the news. A week has passed since both these places fell, but the effect, the reason, and the meaning of the victory that gave us both places are things that colour all present movement, and, indeed, may colour all movement for some time to come.

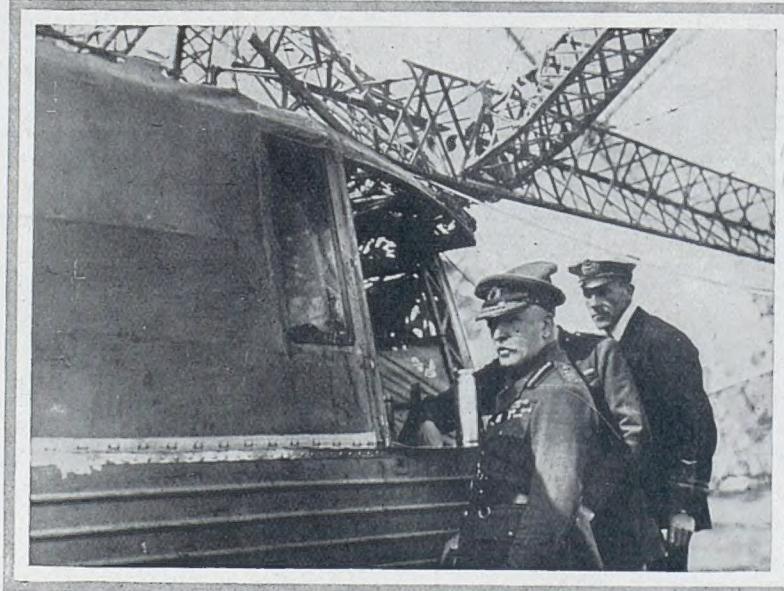
It will be remembered that the Germans considered both these points impregnable, and there are some who find it easy to smile that the enemy should have insisted so much on this point with, apparently, so little actuality behind their opinion. There is no reason to smile. It is not at all unlikely that the Germans were almost right. Indeed, it is to the credit of the Allied Generals that though they were able to agree with the enemy, they still had the ability which enabled them to reduce positions which military men who know their business—and no one can deny the Germans know theirs—considered invulnerable. It is this higher ability of the Allied Command which gives the Franco-British success at Combles and Thiepval its stamp of

emphatic paramountcy. It is even obvious, from the line of attack that reduced Combles, that we fully recognised the enormous strength of the place, and, since it is obvious, the brilliancy with which the French and British Staffs adapted their assault to the needs in hand is also apparent. The movement on Combles may be studied in years to come for its *finesse* in the rigorous art of war. For it was a movement that did not attempt to capture Combles, but attempted, and did, throttle all resistance out of it. We can see now, in the larger and easier vision that always comes to us after the event, the splendid and unfaltering encroachments by which the French on the south and the British on the north slowly and inevitably squeezed the life out of the doomed town. The French, from their side, pushed up from Le Forest to Le Priez Farm,

found their advance threatened by the German flank overhanging at Rancourt, and took Rancourt. With their front and flank clear they drove hard at Fréguicourt, and with the capture of that village Combles was cut off from its routes of supply south and south-east. To the north the British movement was even larger and equally determined. The attack that gave our men Lesboeufs and Morval practically shut off the neck of the bottle that allowed reinforcements to flow into Combles. On Sept. 25, both the French and the British horn of encroachment pressed inward: the French broke into the cemetery from the south-east; the British forced their way into the redoubt from the north, both actions taking place after the artillery had battered the town horribly. The attack, inevitably, gave us Combles on the 26th; though it might be said the town was lost to Germany since the time when Morval and Fréguicourt were lost. The capture of Thiepval followed the same processes. The steady encroachment to the rear from Courcellette, the gradual whittling

away of positions on front and south-west flank, prepared the way for the strangle-hold. An attack from the east and the south exquisitely timed, and on Sept. 26 Thiepval the impregnable had fallen.

But the victory itself is something more than a success over points of resistance. It gives, in the first place, a new front and a new power to our line in the West. From Thiepval to the Somme the Franco-British forces are now arrayed in a curve that seems devoid of dangerous salient, and is unchecked by powerfully organised positions. That is, the tactical victory has given our front a certain strategic value. We have in an advance of over five miles along the Albert-Bapaume road, reached the commanding position above Bapaume (about three miles away), and the country about it. We have, in doing that, passed all the really serious German defences, so



THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE HOME FORCES AND THE WRECK OF THE SECOND ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN IN ESSEX ON SEPTEMBER 24: LORD FRENCH INSPECTING ONE OF THE GONDOLAS.

Official Photograph.

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WAR.

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tions on front and south-west flank, made way for the strangle-hold. An attack from the south exquisitely timed, and at Thiepval the impregnable had fallen. The victory itself is something more than a series of points of resistance. It gives, in effect, a new front and a new power to the West. From Thiepval to the Franco-British forces are now arrayed. What seems devoid of dangerous salient, backed by powerfully organised positions, the tactical victory has given our forces strategic value. We have in an area over five miles along the Albert-Thiepval road, reached the commanding position of the village (about three miles away), and about it. We have, in doing that, really serious German defences, so

that with our advantage we face an enemy fighting at disadvantage. Moreover, strategically, we have put a grave strain on the German front. Our success at Thiepval which has carried

West outnumbered the defenders in man-power and gun-power. At the same time, under circumstances of battle that seem parallel, the French and the British held tight at Arras and

Ypres in the autumn of 1914. If the German gun-power in 1914 was not so overwhelming as the Allied gun-power of to-day, certainly the Allied positions of defence were not a tithe so redoubtable then. There must be some definite reason why the Germans on the Albert plateau have failed to emulate in resistance the Allies defending the Calais coast; and quite apart from the brilliance of the Franco-British troops, it must be admitted that the reasons for this are that the German reserve power is, indeed, very seriously strained, and that even what reserve power there is, is suffering from deterioration in moral, and the sense that they are fighting a hopeless and uphill fight. This is

shown by the habit of delegating the defence so conspicuously to machine-guns, a form of resistance quite hopeless once opposing infantry can get within striking distance. Another sign is the air of nervelessness shown in counter-attack. Some of these have had an imposing air, but very few have exhibited real vigour, and practically none have gained success. A still further, and more emphatic indication of this condition is shown in the few examples of enemy initiative, particularly those two efforts in the Balkans



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: ROAD-MAKING ON THE BATTLEFIELD.
Official Photograph.

us on to the ridge north-east of that place, puts the Germans fighting in the Gommecourt salient in an unpleasant and derogatory position. The salient between the German Arras front and here is growing dangerously sharp, and, moreover, our continual pressure in the Le Sars-Eaucourt-l'Abbaye-Gueudecourt zones threatens communication by the upward thrust towards Bapaume. At the same time the French are encroaching upon the Péronne defences in their continual advances both north and south of the Somme, so that they threaten the invulnerability of the German line bulging about Roye. And, indeed, if the assault on the Somme shows any sign of getting on to ground that will enable it to quicken its pace—a state not unlikely now that the first grim defences have collapsed—the two pronounced salients already named will be factors of grave peril to the Germans. It is the victory on the Thiepval-Combles front that has made the consideration of all these things most apposite.

There is yet another factor to be considered in the study of this victory, and that is the insight it gives us into the state of Germany, especially Germany militant. It seems certain that, quite apart from tactics and strategy, this particular victory lends an air of verity to the suggestion that Germany is suffering gravely from exhaustion. It can be said, as the Berlin communiqué tearfully argues, that the Allies in the



ON THE BRITISH WESTERN FRONT: MAKING A ROAD THROUGH CAPTURED GROUND.
Official Photograph.

which will be discussed later. For those efforts have been rendered conspicuous by their large planning and their curious feebleness in driving power, a state of things which can only be explained by lack of man-power in reserve. The



THE WRECK OF THE
H.M.S. ROYAL OAK
AT SCAPA FLOW
ON OCTOBER 24: LORD FRENCH
S.



declension of Germanic *moral* need not be discussed. It has been apparent to all who read, in the big captures—at the Combles-Thiepval front, 5000 in two days—the sense of disorder in the Germanic resistance.

Perhaps, in its way, this new condition of Germany has appeared nowhere more profoundly actual than in the campaigns of the East. The new onslaught from Roumania was met by strokes that must have seemed well considered to every onlooker, save the most prejudiced. Mackensen countered the invasion of Transylvania by an acute blow in the Dobrudja, pressing along the Danube and driving at the Cernavoda Bridge; an attack that was so close home that the Roumanians were bound to feel the distracting power of it. When he had pressed the defending force back to the Rasova-Tuzla line, the Austrian force in Transylvania, which had concerned itself with a gently retrograde movement up to this, turned on the Roumanians, distracted by the attack on their rear, and, obviously because of Mackensen's counter-action, were able to drive back the attackers beyond both the Vulkan and Szurduk Passes. It was apparent that the enemy had played his pieces well, and that he had so manipulated the fronts that he had turned what was a disadvantage into a distinct advantage. From that moment it should have been in his power to do something emphatic, and also dramatic. Certainly, both the military and the moral

situation demanded both these things. In spite of that, Mackensen was defeated rather badly in the Dobrudja, and his forces driven back some thirty miles by a reinforced Russo-Roumanian array; while the Austrians, with the powerful positions at the passes in their hands, were flung back, their gains seized from them, and their troops thrust off to their old positions with something like ignominy. The explanation, then, can only be that of Allied ability plus Germany's lack of reserve effectives. Both the

Austrian and the Bulgar-German assaults petered out because they had not the vitality of reinforcements behind them. A strong Germany would have been able to nullify the attack from Salonika that was meant to influence the Dobrudja zone, while the pressure in the latter place would have continued unabated. Whereas not only did the Dobrudja attack fall down, but the defence of Serbian Thrace failed also, and the Allies were,

and are, able to continue their offensive. Even Russia, though its periods of war seem quiet, is showing emphatically the weakness of the enemy. It is obvious that large counter-offensives have been inaugurated by the Germans in Galicia and Poland. They have done no more than hold out a sturdy defensive. They have gone ahead nowhere; they have only held on, and that but for a time, since Russia is inclining to advance again, and is doing damaging work, particularly at the Kovel salient.

LONDON: Oct. 2, 1916.



ON THE SOMME FRONT: DONKEYS WHICH BEAR FOOD TO THE FRENCH TRENCHES.



FROM YEOMANRY UNITS ON DUTY EAST OF SUEZ: OFFICERS OF A COMPANY OF THE IMPERIAL CAMEL CORPS.
From left to right are: 2nd Lieut. Orchardson, Lieut. Gregory, Capt. Lord Winterton, 2nd Lieut. the Hon. Leslie Melville (all of the Yeomanry), and Lieut. Mills, of the Australian Imperial Forces.—[Photograph by C.N.]

THREE v. T
As in most hu
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a village "Special
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handed both these things. In spite of the defeat at Dobrudja, and his forces driven back miles by a reinforced Russian army; while the Austrians, with the passes in their hands, took their gains seized from them, and thrust off to their old positions with ignominy. The explanation, may be that of Allied ability plus lack of reserve effectives. Both the Austrian and the Bulgarian-German assaults petered out because they had not the vitality of reinforcements behind them. A strong Germany would have been able to nullify the attack from Salonika that was meant to influence the Dobrudja zone, while the pressure in the latter place would have continued unabated. Whereas not only did the Dobrudja attack fall down, but the defence of Serbian Thrace failed also, and the Allies were, to continue their offensive. Even its periods of war seem quiet, is tactically the weakness of the enemy. That large counter-offensives have been led by the Germans in Galicia and have done no more than hold defensive. They have gone ahead and have only held on, and that because Russia is inclining to advance doing damaging work, particularly brilliant.

LONDON: OCT. 2, 1916.

EAR FOOD



THE IMPERIAL CAMEL CORPS.
Lieut. the Hon. Leslie Melville (all of the
Photograph by C.N.)

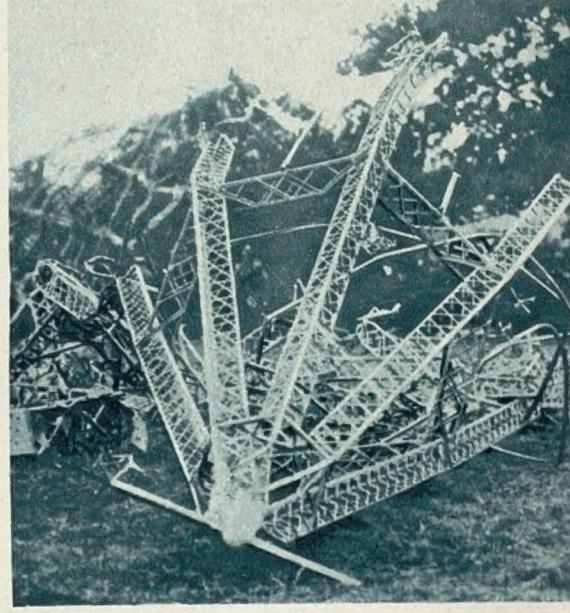
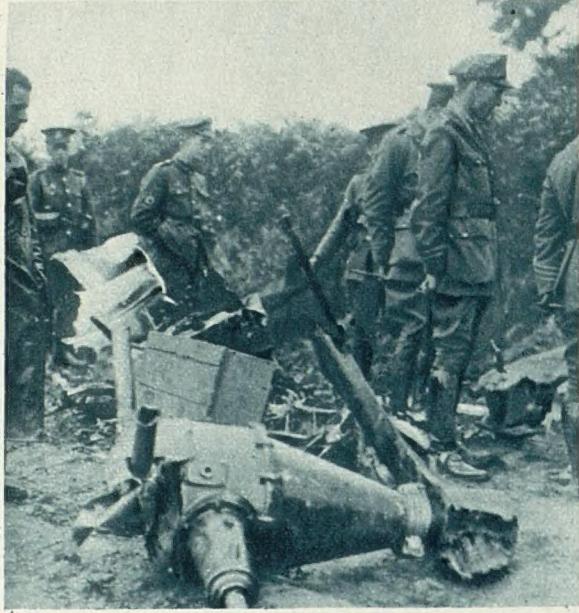
The "Special" Captor of a Zeppelin Crew.

THREE v. TWENTY-TWO! THE SPECIAL CONSTABLE WHO CAPTURED A ZEPPELIN CREW IN ESSEX.

As in most human affairs, the latest Zeppelin raid, with its lamentable tale of death and destruction, was not without its incidents bordering on the Gilbertian, one of which was the cool and plucky capture of the whole crew of one of the Zeppelins by a village "Special" in Essex, whose portrait we give. It is true that two others joined in the work, but the initial action stands

to the credit of the subject of our picture. The incident reminds one irresistibly of the story told of Moltke, who, when asked, "What would you do if the English were to land in Germany?" replied: "I should send the police to arrest them!" The "whirligig of Time" brings in his revenge, and Essex has turned the tables on the grim epigrammatist.—[Photo, by Photopress.]

A Naval Zeppelin Brought Down in Essex.



(1) A SIDE PROPELLER; (2) FRAGMENTS; (3) A PROPELLER AND PART OF LOWER STRUCTURE.

These photographs show the wreckage of one of the two Zeppelins which were brought down in Essex during the great raid on this country, made by about a dozen airships, on the night of September 23-24. An official announcement by Lord French on the 26th stated: "It has now been established that the two airships brought down in this raid were the Naval Zeppelins

'L 32' and 'L 33.' Both were of very recent construction. The first airship was finally destroyed by an aeroplane after passing through effective gun-fire. The second airship was hit by gun-fire from the London defences, and forced to descend in Essex through loss of gas." The attack on London was made by two airships from the south-east, and one from the east.—[Official Photographs.]

THE END

Some idea of the Zeppelin may be gained from the wreckage of one of the one which writes: "When squatting in the

wn in Essex.



AND PART OF LOWER STRUCTURE.

L 33.' Both were of very recent construction. The was finally destroyed by an aeroplane after passing five gun-fire. The second airship was hit by gun-fire London defences, and forced to descend in Essex through h-east, and one from the east.—[Official Photographs.]

CROWN The Best Way to Deal with Zeppelins. CROWN

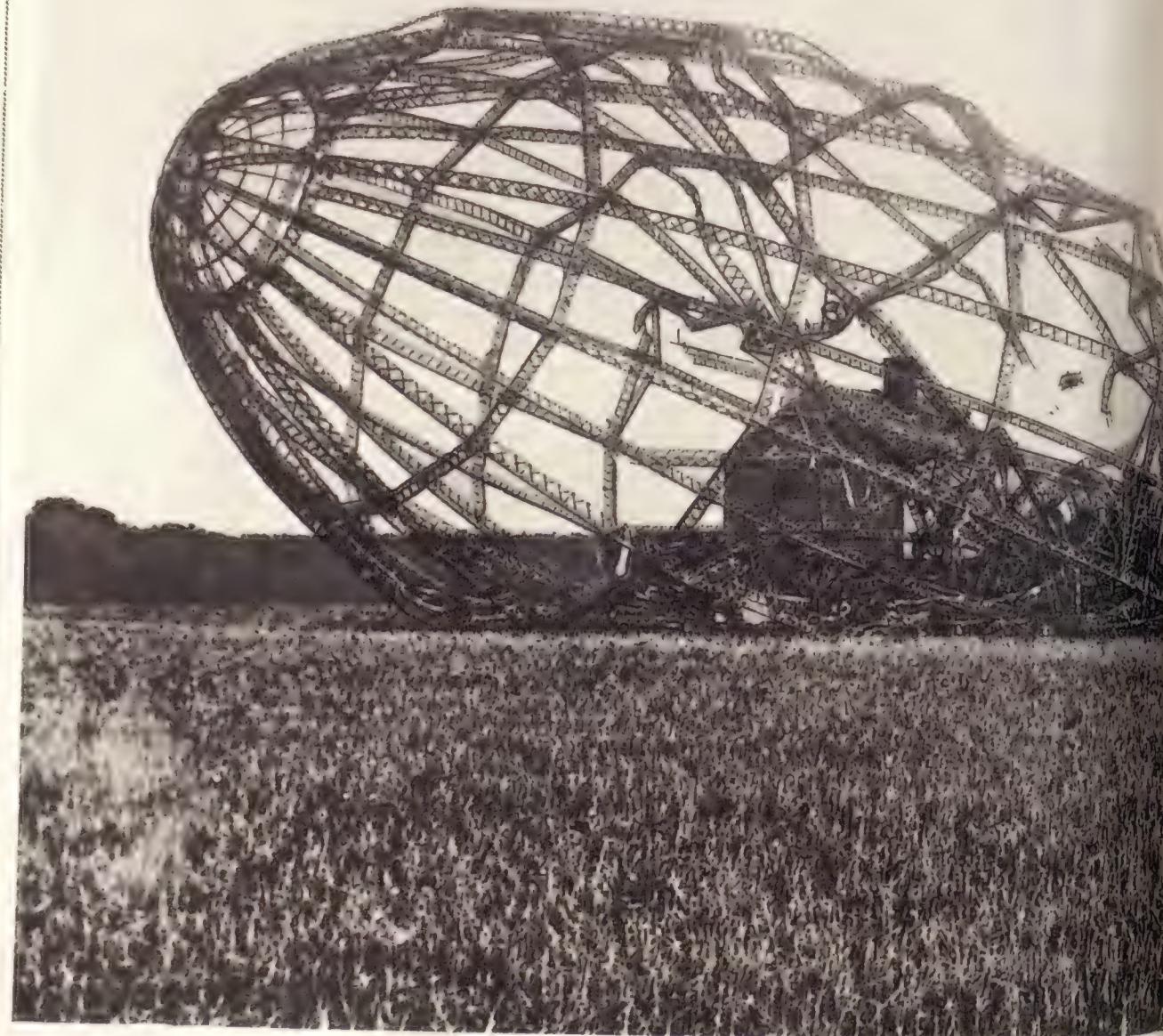
THE END OF A ZEPPELIN WHICH RAIDED ENGLAND ON SEPTEMBER 23-24: EXAMINING DÉBRIS.

Some idea of the quantity of aluminium in the framework of a Zeppelin may be gathered from this photograph, which shows wreckage of one of those brought down in Essex. Describing the one which fell in flames, Mr. Harold Ashton, an eye-witness, writes: "When I arrived, the little red fire-engine was already squatting in the ditch, and the jets from it were hissing and

sputting amid the twisted 'girders' of aluminium, the tangle of wire, the shreds of evil-smelling 'envelope.' . . . The vast wreck, taller by far than the little house near which it fell, was carefully explored as soon as daylight came. In the tremendous smash identification marks were plentiful for those who dissected her, crawling like pygmies under her naked ribs."—[Official Photograph.]

Like "Some Monstrous Prehistoric Reptile": The

Skeleton of



ONE OF THE TWO ZEPPELINS BROUGHT DOWN IN THE RAID OF SEPTEMBER 23-24:

One of the Zeppelins "brought down in Essex" (as the official communiqué put it) was thus described by a visitor to the wreck writing (to the "Times") from the Essex coast. "At first sight, seen from a distance of half a mile, the remains of the ship might have been some monstrous prehistoric reptile sprawling across two fields and the lane which divided them. As one drew

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE
closer, the glint of sunlight
wreck spans the lane, stand
and three children. . . .

Prehistoric Reptile": The

Skeleton of a Zeppelin Brought Down in Essex.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WRECK—SHOWING THE POSITION OF AN ADJACENT COTTAGE.

closer, the glint of sunlight on the framework recalled the reality. . . . Within twenty yards or so of the place where the huge wreck spans the lane, stands a little cottage, lightly built of wood and brick. It is the home of a farm labourer and his wife and three children. . . . By some curious freak, the explosion left the cottage practically untouched."—[Official Photograph.]

GHT DOWN IN THE RAID OF SEPTEMBER 23-24:
put it) was thus described by a visitor to the wreck
m a distance of half a mile, the remains of the ship
elds and the lane which divided them. As one drew

THE BEGINNINGS OF WAR-MACHINES: TORPEDO CRAFT.

THE first serious use of torpedo craft was made in the American Civil War, when the Confederates employed a number of small launches, each carrying a torpedo at the end of a spar, in attacking the Federal war-ships blockading their ports. So small were these boats as compared with their intended victims that their contests were only comparable with that between David and Goliath of old. They were consequently nicknamed "Davids," and have been known by that name ever since. Experiments were made in the same campaign with crude submarine torpedo-boats, but very little success attended their efforts, though one of them managed to sink the Federal vessel *Housatonic*.

A torpedo-boat, to be of any practical use, requires a very much higher speed than was available when this weapon was first introduced; but, recognising the necessity, ship-builders very soon turned their attention to the problem of designing suitable craft for the purpose. In 1871 Thornycroft's launched the *Miranda*, the first experimental boat built for this purpose. With a length of 50 feet, driven by 90-h.p., this vessel attained

As the torpedo-boat was now taking its place in all the leading navies of the world, means of defence against its attack became a matter of considerable importance. The first of these defences used by the British Navy was the torpedo-net—or "crinoline," as it was sometimes called. This device consisted of a large-mesh steel net suspended from spars radiating from the sides of a battle-ship, and was first fitted to H.M.S. *Thunderer*. At first this contrivance proved a tolerably efficient defence for a slow moving or stationary vessel, but could not be used by a fast-moving craft owing to its resistance when immersed. Soon, however, the torpedoes themselves were provided with a net-cutting device, and the protection afforded was therefore materially reduced. As a matter of fact, there is no really satisfactory method of warding off a well-aimed torpedo, and the safety of most modern vessels when at anchor or moving slowly entirely depends on the efficiency of the "look-out" and the accuracy of their gun-fire, neither of which, it must be admitted, is very effective against the submarine torpedo-boat of to-day.



FIG. 6.—THE FIRST TORPEDO-BOAT TO ATTAIN A SPEED OF PRACTICALLY 30 KNOTS:
THE RUSSIAN T.B. "SOKOL," BUILT IN 1895.

the then remarkable speed of 16½ knots per hour. As a result of this experiment, the Norwegian Government placed an order for their first torpedo-boat in 1873. The torpedo used by this boat was towed behind it at a speed of about 11 knots, the tow-rope being secured to the funnel-top. The tow-line was attached to the torpedo in such a manner that the latter's course lay at some distance to one side of that taken by the boat. By means of this arrangement, the torpedo could be dragged into contact with its victim after the towing boat had passed it. Sweden and Denmark soon ordered similar vessels; and afterwards, in 1875, the Austrian and French naval authorities placed orders for a number of 67-ft. boats of 200 h.p., armed with spar-torpedoes, the Italian and Dutch Governments following with orders for 250-h.p. vessels. H.M.S. *Lightning* (Fig. 3), built in 1876, was the first torpedo-boat built for the British Government. This vessel was 84 feet long, and steamed 19·4 knots with 350 h.p., and was constructed with a peculiar shaped bow or "cut-water," which was discarded in favour of a straight stem in later vessels. Two "Whitehead" torpedoes were carried on deck, and discharged by compressed air from a bow tube.

Fig. 2 is a vedette boat of 1878 designed to be carried on the deck of a war-ship and hoisted overboard when required. The first of these little vessels were 48 feet long, and steamed 12 knots; but a large type, 56 feet in length and steaming 19 knots, was afterwards produced.

The first vessels specially designed to operate against torpedo-boats were introduced into the British Navy early in 1886. These vessels, at first called "Catchers," were 150 feet long, and very easily handled, a special design of stern and rudder enabling them to make a complete turn in a circle only 225 feet in diameter. As time went on, the size and speed were increased, the later models going by the name of "Destroyers." Although originally designed to catch and destroy torpedo-boats, the destroyers eventually almost superseded these small craft, and to a very large extent took over their work. The Japanese destroyer *Kotaka*, 170 feet long, built by Yarrow's in 1885, led the torpedo attack on the Chinese vessels at Port Arthur. On that occasion only two out of the eight torpedoes carried on deck could be used, the others being frozen firmly into their carriages. Fig. 5 shows a Thornycroft torpedo-boat of 1892, with 2000-h.p. and a speed of 23 knots.

[Continued opposite.]

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190 ft. long,
by the "Albion"
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TORPEDO CRAFT.

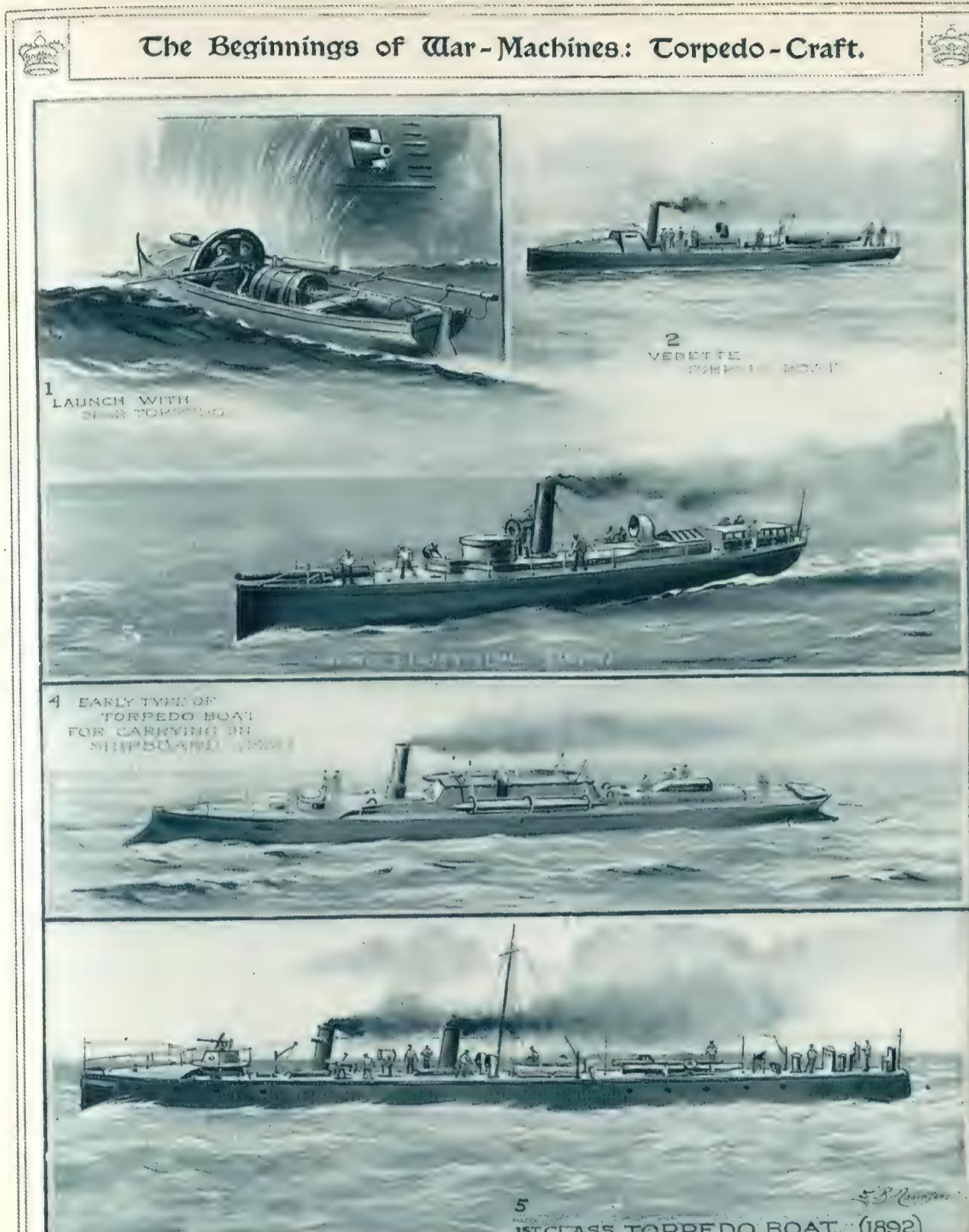
pedo-boat was now taking its place among navies of the world, means of its attack became a matter of importance. The first of these used by the British Navy was the torpedo-craft, "oline," as it was sometimes called. It consisted of a large-mesh steel net with spars radiating from the sides of and was first fitted to H.M.S. *Thunderer*. But this contrivance proved a tolerably poor device for a slow moving or stationary boat, and could not be used by a fast-moving boat due to its resistance when immersed. Moreover, the torpedoes themselves were fitted with a net-cutting device, and the corded warhead was therefore materially reduced. As a matter of fact, there is no satisfactory method of warding off a well-aimed torpedo, and the safety of most modern ships lies in their anchor or moving slowly entirely out of range. The efficiency of the "look-out" and accuracy of their gun-fire, neither of which can be admitted, is very effective against a submarine torpedo-boat of to-day.



PRACTICALLY 30 KNOTS:
1895.

The vedette boat of 1878 designed to be hoisted over the deck of a war-ship and hoisted over the side required. The first of these little boats were 38 feet long, and steamed 12 knots; the second type, 56 feet in length and steaming 18 knots afterwards produced. The first vessels specially designed to operate as torpedo-boats were introduced into the Royal Navy early in 1886. These vessels, at first known as "Destroyers," were 150 feet long, and very much larger than the earlier models. A special design of stern and rudder was adopted to make a complete turn in a circle of 100 feet diameter. As time went on, the size of these vessels increased, the later models being known as "Destroyers." Although originally designed to catch and destroy torpedo-boats, they eventually almost superseded them. They had a speed of 20 knots, and to a very large extent took the place of the old monitors. The Japanese destroyer *Kotaka*, built by Yarrow's in 1885, led the way in the development of the torpedo-boat. The Chinese vessels at Port Arthur on the occasion of the Russo-Japanese War in 1895 only two out of the four boats carried on deck could be used, the others being frozen firmly into their carriages. The British Thornycroft torpedo-boat of 1892, built by Yarrow's in 1895, had a speed of 23 knots.

[Continued opposite.]



THE EVOLUTION OF TORPEDO-CRAFT: SOME EARLY TYPES OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT.

Continued.
From 1891 to 1896, 27-knot destroyers were built in large numbers, using 3700 to 4800 horse power, 29 knots being attained on some occasions. The Russian boat "Sokol" (Fig. 6), although only 190 ft. long, did a speed of 29½ knots, and 31½ knots was attained by the "Albatross," using 7700 horse power. From the above facts it is evident that steady increase in size and speed of torped-

boat has been progressing since 1871; but it has probably reached its limit, owing to the advent of the submarine, which is now doing the work which called the torpedo-boat into existence. The size and speed of to-day's destroyers are, of course, far ahead of those of the boats described above, which only bring us down to 1896.—
[Drawn by W. B. Robinson.]

A Zeppelin Wreck: The Bow and a Gondola.

Oct. 4, 1916



"LIKE A HUGE OVERTURNED CRAB-POT": THE BOW AND GONDOLA OF A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN.

Both these photographs were taken after the two Zeppelins were brought down in Essex during the raid of September 23-24. The upper one shows the bow, or nose, of one airship after its fall to earth, and the lower one a burned engine-gondola. A visitor to one of the wrecks, whose description is quoted on one double-page showing the whole skeleton of the fallen Zeppelin, says: "The

"nose" was practically intact, looking for all the world like a huge overturned crab-pot. The four engines were also practically undamaged. The most remarkable feature of the framework was its size. Its girth was difficult to estimate... but it appeared to be considerably larger, even in proportion to the great length, than in the ordinary type of Zeppelin."—[Official Photographs.]

AMONG THE
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Oct. 4, 1916

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GONDOLA OF A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN.

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"In a Gondola": A New "Lied Ohne Worte."



AMONG THE WRECKAGE OF A ZEPPELIN BROUGHT DOWN IN ESSEX: GONDOLAS AND OTHER DÉBRIS.

The "gondola" of a Zeppelin is a very different sort of craft from that which Mendelssohn had in mind when he composed that particular "op." in his "Songs Without Words" which we know by the title, "In a Gondola." A Zeppelin's gondolas are, of course, the cars suspended beneath the envelope, and containing the motors. In each of the above photographs may be seen the

wrecked gondola of one of the two Zeppelins brought to earth in Essex during the raid of September 23-24. The upper one shows also a portion of a broken propeller-blade attached to the gondola. In the lower photograph, it will be noted, is a British officer, to whom, no doubt, the examination of the fallen airship's mechanism was a matter of intense professional interest.—[Official Photographs.]

ROMANCES OF THE REGIMENTS : XVII.—THE 32ND FOOT.

THE ROASTING OF AEsculapius.

IT was in October 1809, when the remnant of the 32nd, scarcely two hundred strong, was returning from the luckless Walcheren Expedition, that the corps sought relief from recent miseries in a round of practical joking. The subject of the elaborate series of impostures was a medical man temporarily attached to the Service. He was a capable little person in his profession, but a babe in the ways of the world, and so childishly credulous that he took for gospel everything that his companions chose to tell him.

The regiment had not long embarked on the transport

when it became known that Aesculapius went in mortal terror of privateers. None were about, but no matter ; the wags of the mess, aided by the Captain of the transport, requested the fat, good-natured little man to keep watch day and night. He took the task seriously, and delighted in the equipment with which he was supplied — a cutlass, a belt, a brace of pistols, a speaking-trumpet, and

a spy-glass. These he never laid aside, and he stuck tight to the deck, taking scarcely any rest, and never seeking his cabin of his own free will. When he did go below, it was in the arms of others, after he had succumbed to the constant succession of hospitable glasses of punch which the officers sent up to him to sustain his spirits. He believed that the safety of the ship and of all on board lay in his hands, and he lived up to his mission gallantly.

To enable him to deal more effectively with any hostile craft, he was taught a choice selection of sea-phrases ; and the Captain of the vessel actually placed one gun at his disposal, and slipped in a blank charge, which the

good physician believed to be something more formidable. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, in spite of his fears, and when he awoke to find that he had been carried below he always humbly apologised to the Captain for his involuntary desertion. But his fits of oblivion never lasted very long. He was always on deck again by sunrise, pacing to and fro with the utmost gravity and vigilance.

One day a Welsh brig drew close alongside, and the skipper hailed the doctor very politely with, " How are you, Sir—how are you ? "

The guardian, who did not like the looks of his friendly interlocutor, sternly bade him sheer off, or be fired into. The poor Taffy, astounded, hitched his trousers and could find no reply. At this Sawbones got to work. He ordered up the red-hot poker, and bang went the gun, whereupon the skipper made haste to depart.

Great credit was his for this affair, and he was informed that he must board the next privateer they sighted. A sufficient

party was detailed to help him. He promised to do his best, but said he could never clamber up a ship's side. He must be permitted to remain in the boat to look after the wounded. This being agreed to, he put the drummers through a course of first-aid, and tore up his worst shirts for lint and his best for muffling the oars. He also wrapped his money up in his neck-cloth and stopped his watch, lest its ticking should betray that he carried one.

That evening, on an urgent invitation from the mess, he went down to the cabin for a rubber of whist, but not before he had carefully posted and instructed a relief guard. Midway in the rubber, a cry was raised that a

[Continued overleaf.]



BROUGHT DOWN IN THE CANADIAN LINES ON THE WESTERN FRONT:
THE REMAINS OF A FOKKER.

Canadian Government Official Photograph. Copyright reserved.

FIXING B.

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I.—THE 32ND FOOT.

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[Continued overleaf.]

With the Victorious Russians in Galicia.



FIXING BARBED WIRE AND UNPACKING NEW EQUIPMENT: RUSSIANS ON THE EASTERN FRONT.

In the upper photograph some Russian soldiers on the Galician front are seen hammering into the ground some posts for barbed-wire entanglements. The lower one shows the arrival of new equipment and men unpacking it from wooden cases, at the Russian positions near Stanislau. That town was evacuated by the

50,000) are said to have left in a general stampede on the news that the Russians had crossed the River Czernowitz and had occupied Otyonias. Not many miles north of Stanislau, on the River Narajevka, near Halicz, the Russians recently gained an important victory, after a three-days' battle in which their armoured cars did good service. Over 3000 Germans were taken prisoners there.

privateer was alongside. The doctor sprang to arms, but before he could reach the cabin door a party of sailors, disguised as privateer's men, rushed in, seized and bound the hero, and pushed him up through the sky-light, thereafter placing him in one of the boats, where he lay groaning and lamenting that his vigilance should have availed nothing. Very soon, however, after a scuffle, the privateer's men were driven overboard, and *Aesculapius* was released.

Heartfelt were his thanks to his gallant comrades, and he swore he would never, never quit the deck again until they reached Portsmouth. But the merry glasses of punch came up to him in a steady stream, and at length he slept on the cabin floor till daybreak. Luckily, someone noticed, only just in time, that the weight of the dollars in the doctor's neck-cloth was choking him. He was already black in the face when his friends again saved his life, this time from real peril.

This did not end the game, although it marked the conclusion of the doctor's military duties. Just before the vessel reached

would never do, they said, for him to venture ashore without credentials. He was truly in a fearful scrape. How were they to help him out? Then some genius saw alternative devices. He must either be dressed up as a soldier, with knapsack and firelock, or he must be smuggled ashore in a hogshead.

The disguise was clearly impossible: his rotund little figure could never pass for that of a sentinel of the gallant 32nd. The hogshead remained. To this he consented, stipulating only that an officer upon whose carefulness he relied should see that the bunghole was kept open.

Unfortunately for the completeness of the joke, the elaborate scheme was forgotten in the hurry and bustle of disembarkation. Deserted, and afraid to go ashore, the victim sat all night in a chair in his cabin. There Major Ross-Lewin found him next morning. A mouse had been caught in a cage-trap, and the ship's cat had rolled the thing about the floor the whole night long.

But still *Aesculapius* proved his staying



SHELLS AND SMILES: A STUDY FROM THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.



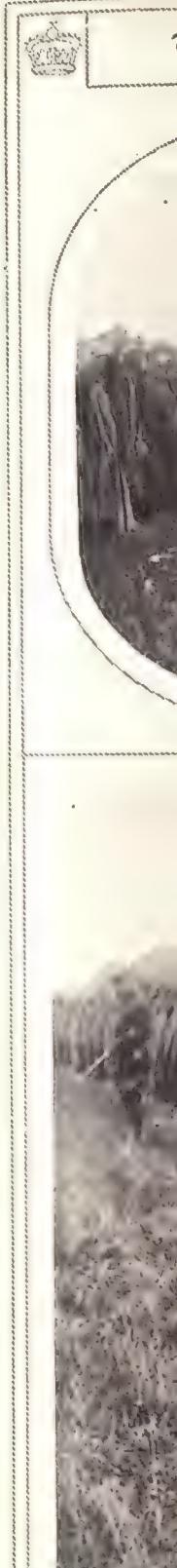
COMING BACK FROM FLERS: AN INDIAN DESPATCH-RIDER.

Official Photograph. Crown Copyright Reserved.

port, the unfortunate man, who never discovered that he was being fooled, confided to his friends the woeful fact that he had lost his certificate from the senior medical officer at Middelburg.

The wags made haste to enlarge upon the seriousness of the poor doctor's situation. It

powers, saying he would not leave the ship until he had received an answer to a letter which he had sent to London. As to his final disembarkation the record is silent. It may be added that the old 32nd Foot, the perpetrators of this practical joke, are now the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.



THE "ANZA"
On a double-page spread of a memorable battle, the troops from Australia fought until their time was up, and then issued after the first time.

do, they said, for him to venture out credentials. He was truly in a hole. How were they to help him? Some genius saw alternative devices. Either he dressed up as a soldier, with bayonet and firelock, or he must be hidden in a hogshead. This course was clearly impossible: his figure could never pass for that of the gallant 32nd. The hogshead remained. To this he consented, stipulating only that an officer upon whose carefulness he relied should see that the bunghole was kept open.

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DESPATCH-RIDER.

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The King's first Review of "Anzacs" in England.



THE "ANZAC" REVIEW ON SALISBURY PLAIN: HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING; AND AN AUSTRALIAN MASCOT.

On a double-page elsewhere in this issue we give a general view of a memorable scene on Salisbury Plain, when the King inspected troops from Australia and New Zealand who are in training there until their time comes to go to the front. In his special order issued after the review, his Majesty began: "To-day I inspected for the first time in this country troops from my Dominions of

Australia and New Zealand." The rest of the order is quoted on the double-page already mentioned. Of the two photographs reproduced above, the upper one shows the King (on the right) riding past a line of convalescent wounded Australians. In the lower one some of them are seen with their mascot, a pet kangaroo.—[Photos, by C.N.]

funeral Honours for Russians fallen in France.



AT THE CHAPEL OF THE RUSSIAN CAMP IN CHAMPAGNE: THE BURIAL OF SOME RUSSIAN SOLDIERS.

The Russian contingents in France have been in action more than once, and Russian soldiers have laid down their lives there for the great cause. These photographs were taken at the chapel of the Russian camp in Champagne when some of these Russian heroes were buried. In the upper one the coffins are about to be conveyed to the cemetery after a service. On the right is a military

band. The lower photograph shows Russian soldiers taking a last farewell of dead comrades. A recent French communiqué regarding a battle in Champagne stated: "The enemy's bombardment . . . was followed by several German attempts, notably in the Russian sector, against which five attacks were delivered in succession. The enemy sustained serious losses."—[Photos, by L.N.A.]

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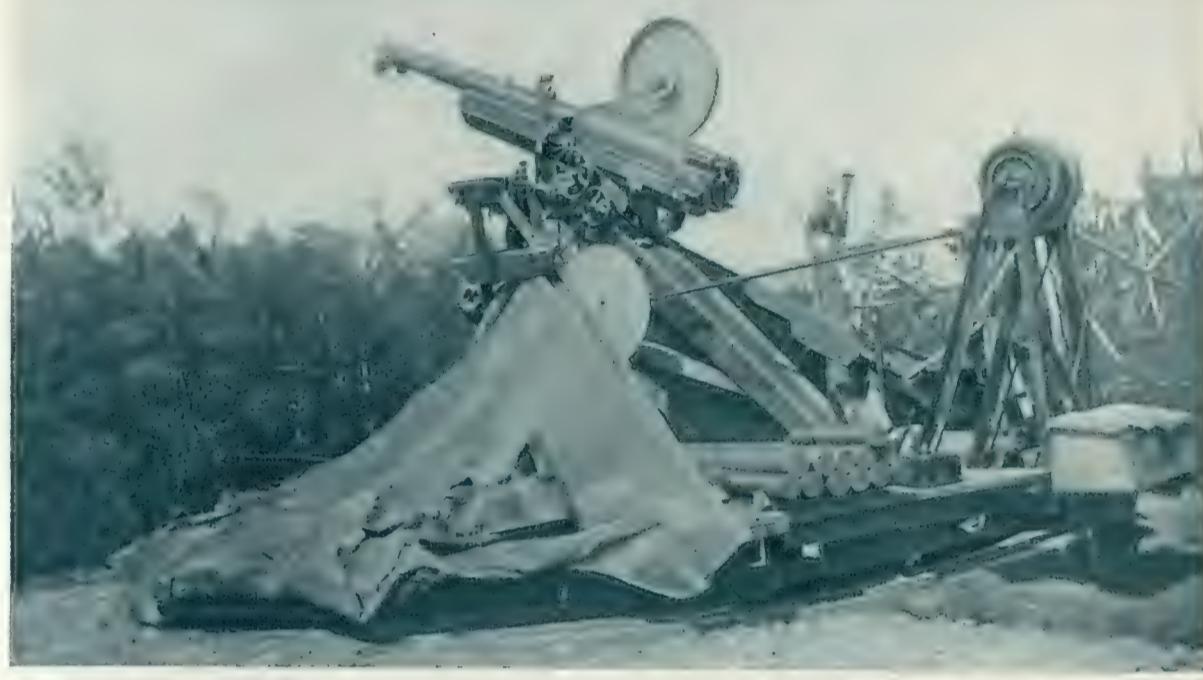
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"The Huge Machinery of War": French Guns.



NEW TYPES OF FRENCH ARTILLERY: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AND A RAIL-MOUNTED MONSTER.

The French Army is now well provided with every type of gun, from anti-aircraft pieces like that shown in the upper photograph, to huge "heavies," mounted for railway transit, such as that seen below. All this has been the result of a splendid national effort. "When France," writes Mr. Laurence Jerrard after visiting the French Somme front, "had no heavy guns, little ammunition,

scarcely any motor lorries, and no material for war for more than a few months, that spirit glowed on . . . while the whole country was building up the huge machinery of war. . . . Fighting France . . . knows that it now holds at last the material weapons for irresistible victory. That . . . the visitor learns in the monster war workshops."—[Photos. by C.N. and French Official.]

"Anzacs" "To Reinforce the fighting Line": The King Review



"WORTHY SUCCESSORS TO THOSE WHO HAVE MADE FAMOUS THE NAME OF ANZAC": ARTILLERY PASSING

After inspecting Australian and New Zealand troops recently on Salisbury Plain, the King issued a special Order in which he said: "These successive contingents are the recognition by the Dominions of their obligations to the common defence of the Empire. I was particularly impressed by the soldierly appearance and physique of the men of the various units, while the warm-hearted

greeting . . . touched me deeply and strict discipline are necessary on Salisbury Plain, and reinforce

the fighting Line": The King Reviewing Australians and New Zealanders.



HAVE MADE FAMOUS THE NAME OF ANZAC: ARTILLERY PASSING HIS MAJESTY AT THE SALUTING-POINT ON SALISBURY PLAIN.
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ex obligations to the common defence of the Empire,
the men of the various units, while the warm-hearted
greeting . . . touched me deeply. The keen spirit which animates all ranks shows that officers and men realise what careful training
and strict discipline are necessary to reach that high standard of efficiency demanded by modern war. Make good use of your time
on Salisbury Plain, and reinforce the fighting line with worthy successors to those who have made famous the name of Anzac."

for Canada's Victorious Artillery on the Somme.



PROJECTILES WHICH HERALDED A MAPLE-LEAF VICTORY: BIG SHELLS FOR CANADIAN GUNS.

The Canadians have played a splendid part in the Battle of the Somme, capturing Mouquet Farm and Courcelette, among other positions, and taking more than 1200 German prisoners, with several guns. The Canadian guns shared in the honours of the day. Describing the action of September 15 in which these brilliant successes were achieved, a Canadian official communiqué says:

"Suddenly our massed artillery burst into a frenzy of activity. Shells of every calibre were hurled over the heads of our waiting infantry. Shortly after 6 a.m. our battalion began their attack. Before them the artillery barrage advanced stage by stage with a remarkable precision and a great intensity of fire." The photographs show men unloading shells.—[Official Canadian Photographs.]

IN HONOUR
On September 20
under General G.
Prince Colonna,
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Signor Cesare B.
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Oct. 4, 1918

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THE ILLUSTRATED WAR NEWS.

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in the Somme.



SHELLS FOR CANADIAN GUNS.

"...shells burst into a frenzy of activity. They were hurled over the heads of our waiting men. After 6 a.m. our battalion began their attack. Artillery barrage advanced stage by stage with a great intensity of fire." — The photographs shells.—[Official Canadian Photographs.]

Commemorating an Italian Patriot Executed by Austria.



IN HONOUR OF CESARE BATTISTI: PRINCE COLONNA, MAYOR OF ROME, UNVEILING A MEMORIAL.

On September 20, the anniversary of the Italian entry into Rome under General Cadorna's father in 1870, the Mayor of Rome, Prince Colonna, unveiled in the Piazza Venezia, opposite the former Austrian Embassy to the Vatican, a marble tablet commemorating Signor Cesare Battisti, the famous Italian Irredentist, executed by the Austrians after being wounded in battle and taken prisoner.

"The inscription, by Signor Ferdinando Martini, ex-Minister of the Colonies" (to quote the "Morning Post") "states how Austria's desperate ferocity wished to offend and punish in Cesare Battisti his nationality, his faith and love of his country and liberty, thus, by the blind barbarity of his punishment, condemning herself . . . and holding him up to the admiration of centuries." — [Photo, by L.N.A.]

Oct. 4, 1916

Battlefield Signposts; and a Pathetic Grave.



RIFLES AS SIGN-POSTS; AND A SIGN OF THE BRITISH SOLDIER'S AFFECTION FOR HIS HORSE.

Rifles as sign-posts are a common feature of the British front. Most of the trenches and other structures and positions have their names, and naturally it is important that the way to any particular spot should be easily found. Sometimes the sign-posts are of a peculiar kind. In the upper photograph, for example, two are seen constructed of metal and wood, with old rifles across the top in place

of the usual board. The lower photograph illustrates a different sort of sign, and also the affection of the British soldier for his horse. It is a memorial set up by a driver at the place where two, killed by a shell, lie buried. The simple inscription reads: "2 Dead Horses Buried Here. Dick and Dingy." (The second name is not quite legible.)—[Official Photographs.]

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Oct. 4, 1916

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Under the Red Cross near the firing Line.



WITH THE RED CROSS FLAG FLYING FROM A TREE: AN ADVANCED DRESSING-STATION.

It is sometimes suggested that ambulance work at the front is comparatively safe, but soldiers know better. "The sharp staccato of machine-gun fire," says a writer in the "Mail," "is everywhere. . . . The enemy is erecting a wall of death from his guns behind our infantry. It is intended to stop the arrival of ammunition, reinforcements, food—and the stretcher-bearers. But it does

not stop them. . . . With an utter disregard for their own lives, the medical men rush forward and pick out their cases. The stretchers are set down. Bandages are applied to broken limbs—all under appalling fire. The wounded man is placed very gently on the stretcher, and coolly, carefully, the bearers take up their burdens, and set out for the dressing-stations."—[Official Photograph.]



FOOTNOTES TO ARMAGEDDON: VIII.—THE FRUIT-SELLER.

THE Squadron was acting in advance; the men were lying in extended order, trying not to mind the sub-tropical sun, trying to show their composure in the matter of gunning noises. Things had only briskened up latterly in this "somewhere" of the war. The massive and piled-up unison of guns was new to their nerves.

The Corporal was well out on the flank. He was conscious of being very much exposed. He was wondering why it was that the several thousand particular and personal enemies over there amid the harsh rocks of this land waited so long to kill him. He was also hoping that someone would come along and peg him down, so that when his nerves conquered his will—as they showed every sign of doing—he would not get up and run away, to the disgrace of himself and his troop.

Inside him the Corporal was almost hysterical. It wasn't that he was particularly afraid of death or wounds; it was that the angry and ominous sound swept him completely off his spiritual feet. No, it wasn't the funk of death. He could stand the shrapnel. The shrapnel was no more than a rather fluffy and not very stimulating firework display to him. He could, he felt, stand a thunderstorm of "shrap." Though he knew, naturally, that under the present circumstances shrapnel was infinitely more deadly than anything in the heavy stuff that was being put across. In spite of his knowledge, it was the heavy stuff that was driving panic-deep into his soul.

Reasoning couldn't check it. Every time a

heavy or a "how" shell leapt howling and rattling across the arc of the sky his heart went sick and flabby. Every time one of the large brutes hit and detonated—a soft and crunching bang in the open, sharp and shattering amid the rocks—his heart seemed to bang and burst its thin walls too. As shock after shock swept through him he became jellified. The whole of him was soft and quivering. He was simply something pappy and palpitating. And he knew the gunning was going to get worse. That was the plan of the day. And when it got worse he'd get worse. And something ghastly would happen.

He asked the Powers that Be to send something—anything—along to pull him together, to take his mind off this damnable clamour. Something that he could bite on to, so that, through this distraction, he could grip himself together. Perhaps the Powers that Be understood the righteousness of his demand.

When he was sickest the Fruit-Vendor came along.

The Corporal saw him suddenly, walking along the line of the men. He was a picturesque creature—a local peasant, with all the colour and dirt of the district to make him unusual and dramatic. Over his shoulder, rest-

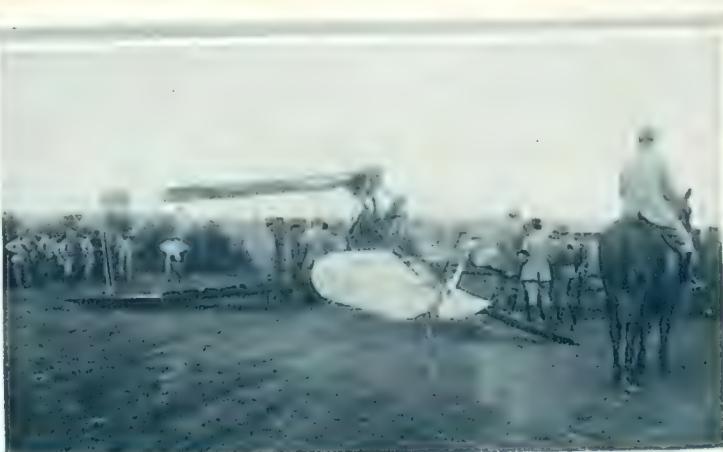
ing on his spine, was slung one of the country's big mat baskets. The basket was full of fruit—oranges, perhaps; and, with ingratiating gestures, the man was exhibiting to the troopers the richness of his wares, and making bargains.

The theatrical unexpectedness of his presence was startling. His presence, his business, was

[Continued overleaf.]



GERMAN AIMEN CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH: THE PILOT AND OBSERVER OF THE MACHINE SHOWN IN THE ADJACENT PHOTOGRAPH ON THEIR WAY TO HEADQUARTERS TO BE INTERROGATED.



A GERMAN AEROPLANE CAPTURED BY THE FRENCH: A MACHINE THAT WAS SET ON FIRE BY ITS OCCUPANTS WHEN FORCED TO LAND.

"HIMME

"We'll never
"Cavell" on
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THE FRUIT-SELLER.

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[Continued overleaf.]

A Natal Station Named after Miss Cavell.



"HIMMELBERG" RENAMED "CAVELL": THE MEMORY OF A GERMAN CRIME PERPETUATED.

"We'll never forget" are the words inscribed beside the name "Cavell" on the board shown in this photograph; and it is certain that not only Natal, but the whole world, will never forget the murder of the heroic English nurse by the Germans in Belgium. Germany herself may possibly have cause to remember it as well as any country before the war which she provoked is over. Our

correspondent who sends the photograph writes: "The name of this halt, which is on the Stuartstown narrow-gauge railway in Natal, was formerly Himmelberg. Some enterprising person chalked that out, substituting 'We'll never forget and never forgive—Cavell.' Later the old board was taken down and a new one, bearing the inscription on the photo, took its place."

absurd on that scene. The shock of his appearance was so profound that the Corporal was, for the moment, jerked aside from the uproar of guns. He almost grinned. "What weird, unexpected coves these dagoes were!" he thought. A shuddering burst of heavy-gun fire swept down on



WITH A SAND-BAGGED SIGNAL-BOX: A WRECKED RAILWAY-STATION IN THE SOMME DISTRICT.

French Official Photograph.

the soldier again, and he quaked. He ducked his head earthward, shut his eyes. Then he thought, "How's the orange-man taking that?" He looked up curiously. He had expected to see the orange-man bolting for his life. The orange-man was bending forward with the barterer's smile on his lips, tempting a Tommy with fruit.

The Corporal was staggered. It was amazing—that cool nerve. He stared at the peasant with wonder and admiration, and as he stared he felt a little bit cheap. What call had he, a Britisher a fighting man, to cower and tremble' when this homely old fruit-seller was treating the whole business as if it were no more than a shower of rain? The orange-man's calm pluck was inspiring. He walked from soldier to soldier as though all this beastly terror of noise was not. The clangour of the guns which so unnerved the Corporal made not the slightest impression upon the old man. The upheaval of death that was going on round him left the old buffer bored stiff. He might get pipped any moment: he thought selling oranges was of much more importance.

Stimulating, bracing, that old blighter. The Corporal watched him with a growing

admiration, with growing forgetfulness of the frightfulness of gun-fire. The fruit-seller was strolling onward as easy and as cool as you please. He might have been selling bananas in the Strand. He did not seem to mind how long he was kept standing in the line of bullets, as long as he brought off his deal. Splendid, nervy old buck! Made a man feel all backbone only to look at him. The Corporal was grinning easily and carelessly by now. The sight of the old man selling under these circumstances was too funny.

It was the Lieutenant who called his mind back to facts.

"Look at the silly old idiot," yelled the Lieutenant against the noise of firing. "Clear him out, Corporal—boot him! He'll draw fire."

The Corporal saw the point. He was up on his feet at once. Of course, the old chap's being here was all wrong. Must boot him oft. He went forward quickly to the man. He was himself now—he'd forgotten all about the noise and the rest. The "something" had happened.

"Here, you!" he yelled. "Hook it—vamoosie! Go on, now—get a move on!" He put himself in front of the fruit-seller.

The fruit-seller grinned at him, turned on his ingratiating leer. He held out a handful of fruit. Silly old ass!

"Get off!" yelled the Corporal. "Get a move on! Can't have you here! Sharp, now!"

The fruit-seller still grinned. He shook his head. He put up both hands, pointing to his ears. He was stone-deaf.

The Corporal caught hold of him—led him away. But the Corporal was laughing. No wonder the old bucco didn't heed the gun-fire. But that didn't affect the Corporal. The "something" had happened.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.



RECRUITING FOR THE FRENCH FORCES: VOLUNTEERS FOR THE WAR BEING ENROLLED IN TUNIS.

Photograph by Wyndham.

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Oct. 4, 1916

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THE FRENCH FORCES: VOLUNTEERS
WAR BEING ENROLLED IN TUNIS.

Photograph by Wyndham.

England's Welcome to the Garde Républicaine Band.



POPULAR ENTHUSIASM: THE GARDE RÉPUBLICAINE BAND IN FOLKESTONE AND LONDON.

The Band of the French Garde Républicaine, whose long-looked-for arrival had been temporarily delayed, reached Folkestone on September 28, and were entertained to luncheon by the Mayor. The upper photograph shows their chief, Captain Guillaume Balay (right) and the French Consul at Folkestone, M. Corbes (left) heading the march through the town. In the lower photograph

is seen the great crowd which assembled in Trafalgar Square to greet the visitors as they marched to Wellington Barracks after their arrival at Charing Cross. London gave them an enthusiastic welcome. They came over as the guests of the Brigade of Guards, whose bands played the "Marseillaise" when the train arrived at Charing Cross.—[Photos, by L.N.A., and Illustrations Bureau.]

Recreations of the French Tunisian Troops.



A NATIVE DANCE AND A GAME OF CARDS: TUNISIAN TIRAILLEURS ON THE SOMME OFF DUTY.

The photographs on these two pages, taken on the Somme front, give some interesting glimpses into the duties and recreations of those fine fighting men of the French Army, the Tunisian troops. On the left-hand page, in the upper illustration are seen some Tunisian tirailleurs dancing one of their native dances in a French village. Two others are seated on a mat supplying the musical

part of the entertainment, while another, standing by, appears to be conducting, with a drawn sword for pata. In the lower photograph on the same page, a little group of Tunisian soldiers are enjoying a quiet game of cards in one of the intervals of more strenuous activities. In this photograph the form of head-gear worn by the Tunisians—a kind of fez crushed in at the top,

[Continued on opposite page.]

FROM TUNISIA
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AILLEURS ON THE SOMME OFF DUTY.

entertainment, while another, standing by, appears to be playing cards. In the lower part of the same page, a little group of Tunisian soldiers are seen playing a quiet game of cards in one of the intervals of their activities. In this photograph the form of head-dress worn by the Tunisians—a kind of fez crushed in at the top, [Continued opposite.]

Duties and Decorations of Tunisian Troops.



FROM TUNIS: A GUARD AT A GENERAL'S HEADQUARTERS; AND DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS.

Continued. It is clearly shown. On the right-hand page the upper photograph shows a Tunisian guard outside the gates of a house used as the headquarters of a French general on the Somme. The tall man on the left, it may be noted, has a bugle. In the lower illustration are seen a group of Tunisian officers who have received various decorations for distinguished conduct. Some of them, it

will be seen, wear as many as seven or eight medals and crosses. The Tunisian troops constitute the fourth division, with headquarters at Tunis, of the 10th French Army Corps, the other three divisions of which belong to Algeria. This Army Corps is not classified with the French Colonial forces, but forms part of the Metropolitan Army.—[Photos. by Underwood and Underwood.]

A New Motor Dental Surgery for the front.



TO FIGHT TOOTHACHE AND TRENCH-GUMS: A MOBILE DENTAL SURGERY, AND A CASE OF "GASSING."

Shakespeare has told us that "there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently." The same is true of most people—soldiers included. Moreover, toothache and consequent neuralgia depress the nerves and spirits, while bad teeth and indigestion cause more serious trouble. Our photographs illustrate a new motor dental surgery for the trenches, provided,

at a cost of £920, by the Civil Service Federation. It will usefully supplement the efforts of the dentists at the front, whose number was recently given as 43. Mr. Austin Fryers said: "To-day we have not a single dental motor-car at the front, the two cars offered by the British Dental Association at the commencement of the war having been refused."—[Photos. by News Illustrations.]

TÉLÉGRAPH

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A French Wireless Outpost on the Somme.



TÉLÉGRAPHIE SANS FIL WITHIN RANGE OF THE ENEMY: FRENCH WIRELESS OPERATORS.

Wireless telegraphy, combined with aviation, has done much to transform the conditions of warfare. The French—always to the fore in matters of scientific invention and mechanical ingenuity—make large and successful use of this modern marvel of science. In the above photograph we see an outpost of the French Army on the Somme engaged in working a field wireless installation, by

means of which Headquarters are placed in possession of the latest information, both as to the progress of the French advance and the movements of the enemy. The field in which they are crouching wears a singularly peaceful aspect. At the far end are some cows tranquilly grazing. Only the air vibrates with the ominous messages of war.—[French Official Photograph.]

WOMEN AND THE WAR.

TO most of us, the recollection of the crowds of helpless Belgian refugees who flocked to England from their own devastated country is one of the most poignant of the early memories of the war. No one will ever know the full story of the tragedies that fell thick and fast on the luckless people of the country that put its honour before its existence ; but everyone knows how its people, homeless, penniless, hungry, and half-clad, fled in thousands to this country for shelter and safety. True to her hospitable traditions, England extended a warm welcome to the unfortunate victims of German barbarity.

Day after day the work of lodging, feeding, clothing, and caring for the seemingly endless procession of Belgian refugees went steadily on. Most people at the time had a vague sort of notion that this country was acting host to the women and children, as well as the old and infirm, of our hard-pressed little Ally. I wonder how many realised a fraction of the work entailed, or the extent to which women helped in creating homes away from home for our guests, who in the majority of instances had lost everything that they possessed.

Our women were splendid. No one thought of saying so at the time, but it was just as true then as it was at a later date. Some of them worked at Tilbury as voluntary interpreters under the Local Government Board, going out in tenders to meet the incoming boats, and acting in the capacity of chaperon and general caretaker to the miserable

people who formed the passenger list. Others, who met the trains that deposited load after load of dazed fugitives at one or other of the great London termini every day, shepherded the members of different families into their proper groups and conveyed them to their appointed destinations. Others again—they were members of the Women's Emergency Corps—besides acting as interpreters and chaperons-in-chief, tackled the housing problem. Hospitality had to be arranged for, clothes and money and food had to be collected, and women came forward by the score to help in the good work.

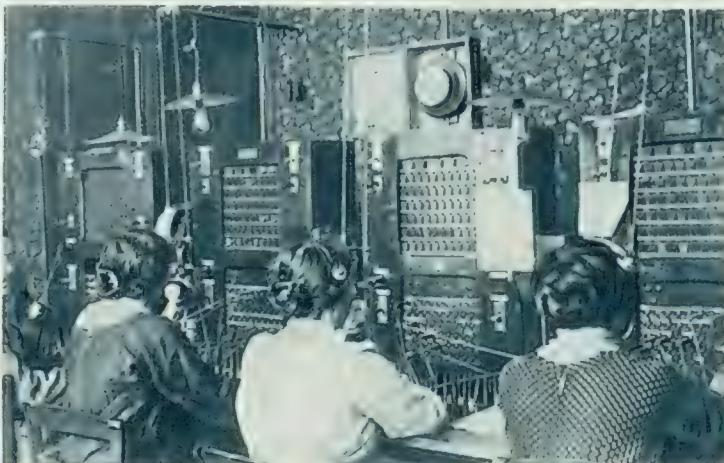
One of the most difficult problems was that of caring for the upper classes. Financially, they were often no better placed than the peasant or the artisan. On the other hand, it is neither easy nor pleasant to dole out small sums of money and apportion a daily food ration to people who have been accustomed to surroundings that reach a high standard of comfort. At

any time the task of feeding at short notice thousands of extra people who could neither earn nor buy for themselves would not have been an easy matter. At a time when there was a danger that an artificial shortage of food might be created by the stupidity of scaremongers, it was doubly difficult.

THE WOMAN BUTCHER: A NEW OCCUPATION
CREATED BY THE WAR.

There is no end to the opening up of new forms of work for women. Our photograph shows a Herefordshire woman who has taken the place of her husband, who is fighting in the war, and prepares the carcases for sale as well as serving in the shop.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.



WOMEN TELEPHONISTS AT THE FRONT: AN IMPORTANT TRUST.

It would be difficult to overrate the responsibility of the duties carried out by experienced women as operators in the French Central Army Telephone Office on the Somme. Their work is literally of the most vital importance.—[French Official Photograph.]

The Belgian Refugee Food Fund came into existence on Oct. 31, 1914, with the object of supplying with food the better-class Belgian families, and it is interesting to note that two—Lady Williams and Miss C. C. Holmes—out of the

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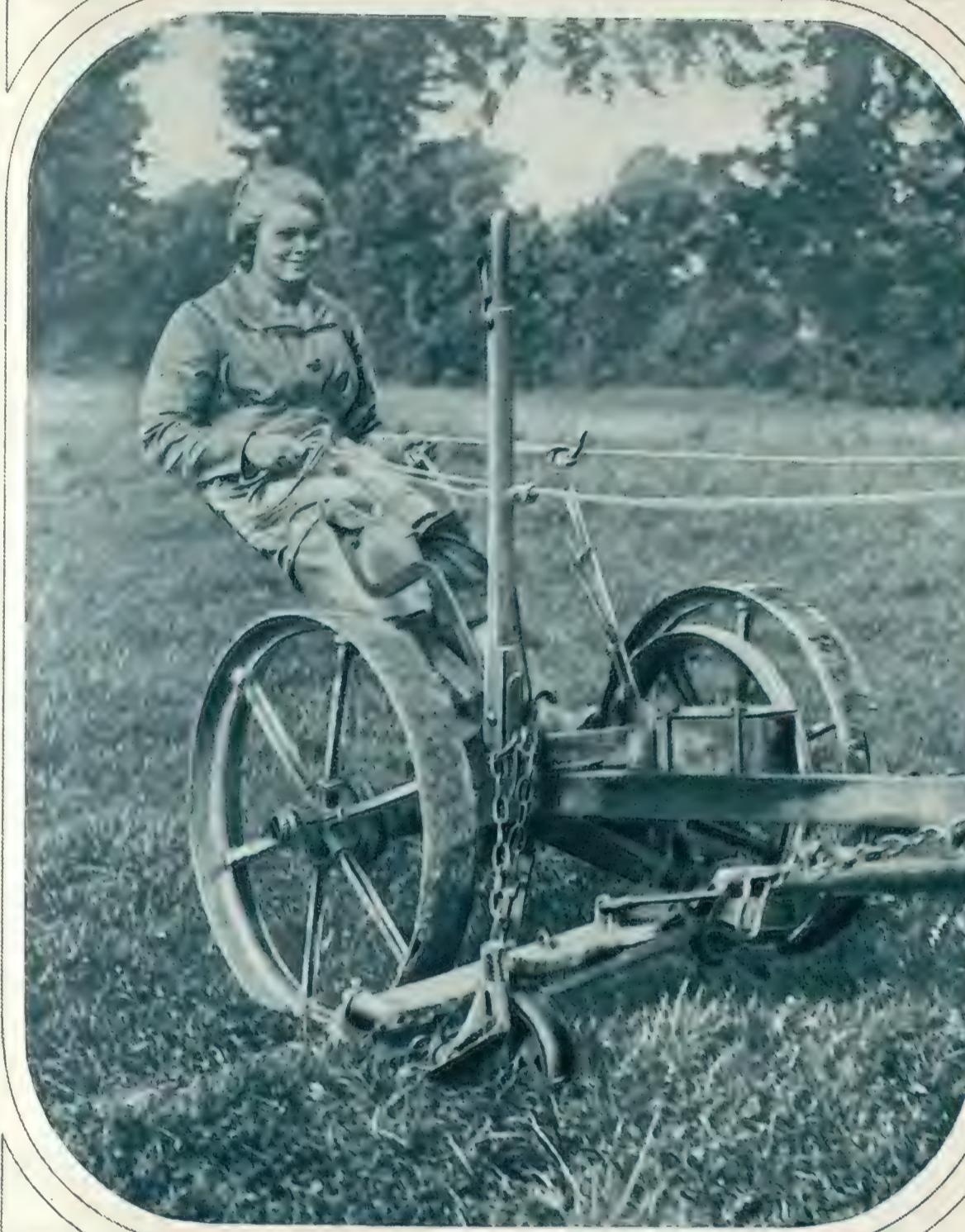
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(Continued overleaf.)

A Happy Worker on her father's farm.



COMPLIMENTED BY A CHAIRMAN OF TRIBUNAL : MISS G. DICKENS.

The daughter of a farmer near Eton, who has taken the place of a man who has joined the Colours, has had the pleasant experience of being complimented by a Chairman of Tribunal. Miss Gladys Dickens, who is seen in our picture, is only fifteen, and has cut fifty acres of clover for the Army. Miss Dickens is not only thoroughly at home at the work, but enjoys her duties upon her

father's farm. She is, moreover, one of many thousands of girls and women who are learning, through the stress of labour difficulties due to the war, how completely capable they are for employment upon the land—a knowledge which may well have its effect upon the labour problem when the war has passed.—*[Photo. by C.N.]*

three founders were women, Mr. Frank Kitchener, Chairman of the Fund, being the third founder. It started its work in a basement in King Street, Pall Mall, with three chairs, a trestle-table, and a box or two by way of properties, and a capital consisting chiefly of a boundless faith in the generosity of the British nation. Applications for assistance poured in. Instead of fifty people a day, the Fund was very quickly feeding over two thousand. Larger quarters had to be found. After one or two moves, the Fund finally located itself in its present quarters, 19, St. James's Street, S.W.

If there is anyone who thinks that the work of sending out the food day by day to the various families is a simple matter, I advise them to visit the headquarters of the Fund and learn wisdom. Each day—you can't undertake to feed people and then do it spasmodically—a little army of voluntary helpers, all of them women, arrive at St. James's Street, and spend the morning weighing food, making up parcels, checking and re-checking each case of provisions. Everything is done with the utmost method.

Three times a week the Fund sends carts to Smithfield Market. The Smithfield Belgian Refugee Committee allot them supplies from gifts of meat given in the Market, and individual firms help by storing frozen carcases sent from New Zealand and other distant countries. The

meat is divided at St. James's Street by Belgian butchers—two of the very few paid workers employed by the Fund—who cut it up into joints



DRESS BY LADY CADOGAN: THE WOMAN GARDENER.
Lady Cadogan, who is nothing if not practical, is much interested in the work of women on the land, and has designed a special dress for the women gardeners in her employ. The skirt is suspended by braces, and the hood and blouse are well designed for the work the wearer has to do.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

as prescribed by schedule. Then there are the vegetables fetched from Covent Garden.

At the headquarters there is the grocery department, where coffee and cocoa, sugar and tea, flour and condensed milk, and all the hundred other food requirements included in the term, are weighed and measured, and tied into parcels, and finally sorted into "lots" by the ladies who help, being ultimately sent down to the forwarding department, where the packing sacks are filled. Similarly the bread and greengrocery and butcher's departments send their contributions. Once more every "lot" is carefully checked. If the food is not right it may mean that a family has to go hungry. Finally, it is despatched on its journey, and the recipient sends a receipt by way of acknowledgment.

There are just one or two other points to be borne in mind. Though the price of food is rising, the Fund has to maintain its supplies. It is an obvious hint. Frankly, the Fund wants money to help to keep it going, so that our guests may not be reduced to making shift on short commons. Food, or money to buy it, will be gratefully received at the headquarters in St. James's Street.

CLAUDETTE CLEVE.



LADIES ON THE LAND: THE WIFE OF THE SPEAKER.
The Speaker of the House of Commons, the Right Hon. James William Lowther, P.C., M.P., interests himself practically in the work of the farm and garden at his beautiful house, Campsey Ashe, Wickham Market, Suffolk. Mrs. Lowther also helps, and is seen in our photograph feeding the pigs.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

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CLAUDINE CLEVE.



A fortune for the Red Cross in Zeppelin Wire.



GERMANY'S GIFT TO THE BRITISH RED CROSS: TONS OF WIRE FROM THE CUFFLEY ZEPPELIN.

Enormous quantities of wire were collected from the wreck of the Zeppelin brought down at Cuffley, and have been given to the Red Cross Society to be made into souvenirs and sold on behalf of their funds. In the upper photograph, Mr. H. Ireland, Secretary of the Collection Committee of the Red Cross Gift House in Pall Mall, is seen surveying his acquisition, said to weigh about three tons. The lower photograph shows the great roll of wire after its arrival at the Gift House. The souvenirs will be sold in connection with "Our Day," on October 19. As much of the wire as is possible in the interval is to be made into brooches, bangles, rings, and other trinkets. The rest will be sold simply in short lengths.—[Photos. by Illustrations Bureau and Photopress.]

Wet Weather on the Western front.



AFTER A STORM: TOMMY TRIES TO MAKE THINGS "AS THEY WERE"; AND CAVALRY CLEANING UP.

In certain parts of the war area on our Western Front our troops have been much troubled of late with a veritable plague of waters, but the good temper and adaptability of our brave, cheery men never fail them. It may seem a minor trouble that a drenching should often accompany the sterner penalties of warfare, and that discomfort of the kind is not to be compared with the grave

dangers that are never far off. It is good to see, none the less, that even in surroundings of bare and distorted trees in a setting which might almost pass as the "blasted heath" of "Macbeth," fame, the Mark Tapleyism of our men may be relied upon, even though the redoubtable Mark himself could scarcely call it "jolly."—*[Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]*

HIGHLAND
It would be painless to paint the splendid work of the Highland soldiers, in small things as well as in great, which Highlanders are doing in the field.

western front.



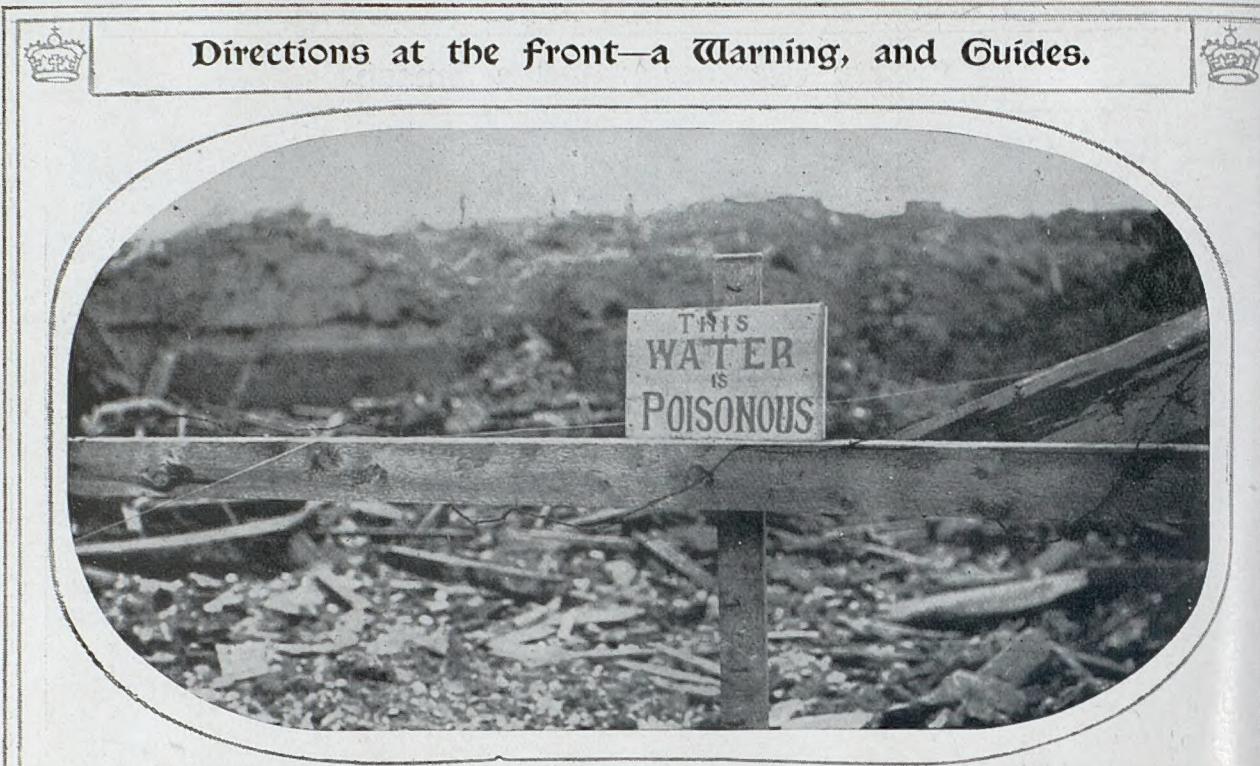
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[Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]

"Dirty Weather"; and a Smash.**HIGHLANDERS ON THE MARCH ON THE WESTERN FRONT; AND A CHEERY CHAUFFEUR.**

It would be painting the lily and gilding refined gold to emphasise the splendid work which has been done at the Front by our Scottish soldiers, and their imperturbability is equally admirable in small things as in great: witness the sturdy cheerfulness with which Highlanders with waterproof-sheets by way of plaids are trudging through a storm. In the background, sheaves of corn

lend a peaceful and picturesque touch to the scene. Our second photograph represents what might have proved a gravely serious incident, the motor-car having been struck by a shell. But the driver shows no alarm and is obviously chuckling over his lucky escape from potential injury or even something worse.—[Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]

Directions at the front—a Warning, and Guides.



GUARDING AGAINST POISONOUS WATER; AND SHOWING THE WAY: A NOTICE-BOARD AND GUIDES.

In these two photographs, taken on the British front in France, are shown two of the less familiar—to the reading public, that is—features of the war zone. The notice-board seen in the upper one with the inscription, "This Water is Poisonous," speaks for itself. How the water became poisonous, history in the making does not record, and there is no ground for suggesting that the enemy

poisoned it, although we know that in South-West Africa the Germans occasionally resorted to that agreeable device. The lower photograph shows two British soldiers as guides to men for the front. Among the maze of trenches and communication-trenches their services are valuable. The state of their boots and puttees indicates a muddy period.—[Official Photographs. Crown Copyright Reserved.]

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